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## THE NAUVOO NEIGHBOR

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### LINES ON LEAVING EUROPE.

BY N. F. WILLIS

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast!  
Flung out your field of azure blue;  
Let the star and stripes be westward cast,  
And point as freedom's eagle flew!  
Strain home! oh! lithe and quivering spars!  
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

The wind blows fair! the vessel feels  
The pressure of the rising breeze!  
And, swift as a thousand keels,  
She leaps to the careering seas!  
Oh! fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,  
In whose bright breast I seem to lie,  
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,  
I've seen your semblance in the sky,  
And long'd with breaking heart, to flee  
On such white pinions o'er the sea!

Adieu, oh lands of fame and old!  
I turn to watch our foaming track,  
And thoughts, with which I first beheld  
You closed line, come hurrying back!  
My lips are dry with vague desire—  
My cheek once more is hot with joy—  
My pulse, my brain, my soul, on fire!  
What has changed that traveller boy—  
Who late the ship this dying foam,  
His vision's side behind, his weary heart speeds  
Home!

Adieu, oh soft and southern shore,  
Where dwell the stars long missed in heaven!  
Those forms of beauty seen no more,  
Yet once to Art's rapt vision given!  
Oh, still th' enamored soul delays,  
And prides through fount and crumbling  
Isles.

To win to his adoring gaze  
Those children of the sky again!  
Irradiate beauty, such as never  
That light on other earth hath shown,  
Has made this land her home for ever;  
And could I live for this alone—  
Were not my birthright brighter far  
Than such voluptuous slaves can be—  
Held not the West one glorious star,  
New-born, and blazing for the free—  
Said not to heaven our eagle, yet,  
Rome, with her Helot sons, should teach me  
to forget!

Adieu, oh father land I see  
Your white cliffs on th' horizon's rim,  
And though to freer skies I flee,  
My heart swells, and my eyes are dim!  
As knows the dove the task you give her,  
When loosed upon a foreign shore—  
As spreads the rain drop in the river  
In which it may have flowed before—  
To England, over vale and mountain,  
My fancy flew, from climes more fair—  
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,  
Ran warm and fast in England's air.

My mother! in thy prayer to-night  
There come new words and warmer tears!  
Oh! long, long darkness breaks the light—  
Come home the loved, the lost for years!  
Sleep safe, oh wave-worn mariner!  
Fear not, to night, or storm or sea!  
The ear of heaven bends low to her!  
He comes to shore who sails with me!  
The wind-told spider needs no token,  
How stands the tree when lightning blaze,  
And by a thread from heaven unbroken,  
I know my mother lives and prays!  
Dear mother! when our lips can speak—  
When first our tears will let us see—  
When I can gaze upon thy cheek,  
And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me—  
'Twill be a pasture little sad,  
To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers  
Upon each other's forms have laid—  
For all may fly, so feeling linger!

Behold a change beloved mother!  
To stir deeper thoughts of thine;  
I come, but with me comes another  
To share the heart once only mine!  
Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,  
One star arose in memory's heaven—  
Thou, who hast watched one treasure only,  
Wert one flower with tears at even—  
Now in thy heart! The heart she left  
In darkness! to lend light to ours!  
There are bright flowers of care bereft,  
And hearts that languish more than flowers—  
She was their light—their very air—  
Roses, mother, in thy heart!—place for her  
In thy prayer.

Jealousy is, in some sort, rational and  
just; it aims at the preservation of a good  
which belongs, or which at least we think  
belongs, to us; whereas envy is a frenzy  
that cannot bear the good of others.

"All flesh is grass," as the horse said  
when he bit a piece out of the man's  
arm.

## Agricultural.

From the Western Shepherd.  
Introductory remarks, showing the great  
superiority of Wool, as compared with  
Beef and Pork, the present Staples of  
the Western States. The amount of  
Wool grown in Australia.

It is the province of the farmer to furnish the raw material for food and clothing. Hitherto the farmers of Illinois have attended to the production of food alone, by so doing the competition is so great as to bring Pork, Beef, and small grain to the lowest market. The price of Pork and Beef, in Illinois, is generally from two to three cents per pound. Yearling cattle are from three to five dollars each. Corn is, usually, from sixteen to twenty five cents per bushel, and, not unfrequently, it sells as low as twelve and half cents per bushel. Fourteen millions of acres of prairie grows within the limits of our State: the greater part of which grows but to die and be consumed by the fire. When meat is two and half cents per pound, and freight to New Orleans is only one cent and a quarter, the farmer gives one half his produce to carry the other half to market. A bushel of Indian Corn weighing fifty-five pounds, at twenty cents, is not worth hauling twenty miles. Old habits are long continued, and those who have always grown Corn will continue to do so even at six cents per bushel; and those who have only fed it to Hogs will still do so when Pork is only two cents per pound. The fact is generally admitted that much of our produce is too bulky to carry to market, and too worthless to sell at home. To point out a more profitable appropriation of our boundless pasturage, and abundant Corn, is the object of this little treatise.

Wool is a staple article of commerce all over the world. This country buys much of it from foreign nations, which might be profitably raised by our farmers at home. Its small bulk, and great value, renders its exportation, at all times, easy and advantageous. This qualification alone ensures a competition of purchasers. Three cents per pound will send it from the interior of Illinois to France, to England, or to the Eastern States. A waggon load of Pork (twenty hundred) is worth but fifty dollars: a load of Corn but eight dollars; a load of Hay but four dollars. Twenty hundred weight of Wool, at fifty cents per pound, is worth one thousand dollars. And the farmer might if he pleased, carry all his produce in this form to his ultimate market, with his own team. But we could not send our Corn and Hay to England, even were we so disposed; it would not be suffered to go there. But turn that Corn and Hay into Wool, and she will gladly pay cash for it. We want an article of export that will bring cash, and Wool is that article. The imperishable, and almost indestructible quality of Wool, renders it a safe article to keep, to transport, and to deal in. Our present produce is all perishable. Great losses are annually sustained from sour Flour, bitter Meal, and tainted Meat. Wool is liable to none of these casualties.

An Agriculturalist is a species of manufacturer, and a sagacious manufacturer will always turn his machinery to the fabrication of those articles that command the best prices, and pay the best. To manufacture Corn, Hay, and Grass, into Beef and Pork, at two or three cents per pound, is a very poor business. But to manufacture this same Corn, Beef, and Pork into Wool, at fifty, sixty, and seventy cents per pound, is a very good business. We have fed other people, almost gratis, long enough; it is time that we should receive something for clothing them. Illinois can feed the union; and if the efforts of her farmers are rightly directed she can clothe it too.

In 1807 the whole quantity of Wool produced in Australia was two hundred and forty-five pounds. In 1839 ten millions, one hundred and twenty eight thousand, seven hundred and seventy-five pounds was sent from that Colony to England, making a return of a million pounds sterling to British subjects, which, otherwise, would have gone to foreigners. England, alone, consumes annually, Wool to the amount of thirty millions of dollars. What has been done may be done. Five millions a year, in addition to our other produce, would be a very pretty picking for our farmers. Will they take it? It is within their reach. The intelligence and good sense of the farmers of Illinois; must give the right reply.

Collars for Oxen.—A writer in the Boston Cultivator, advocates the substitution of collars for yokes in working oxen. The advantages claimed are, that it leaves the ox freer, and enables him to work with greater ease to himself, and of course more efficiently for his employer. The matter is certainly worthy of trial. Whether it would prove the best or not is to be decided, but the yoke is a hard instrument to work under.

(Prairie Farmer.)

Mackerel Fishing.—This is a great business down east. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript at Gloucester says:—"I have been quite interested this last week in witnessing the drawing of the seines for mackerel, and I scarcely know a more busy and animating scene than the beach presents on these occasions. There was a large number of small boats in the harbor, some engaged in fishing or placing the seine, or merely attracted there to watch the drawing. The beach was covered with groups of spectators, men, women, children, and fishermen, all dressed in their best and grotesque attire adding variety to the scene.

When the fish had become entangled in the net, it was pulled on shore by the men hauling on long ropes, and animated to the exertion by songs and shouts, when the shining fish, which all rush to the centre of the net, began to appear. The net is thrown upon the beach, and the fish are soon jumping in all directions many escaping into the water while the men and boys eagerly catch them and throw them back if interested in the haul, or catch one or two to carry off, if disposed, for a little private speculation. A variety of other fish are often caught. Several dark, ugly looking lobsters of all sizes were also taken, and eagerly seized by boys; and I observed with much curiosity one or two specimens of the monkfish, with its strongly opening eyes on the back, and its mouth underneath, and the circle which sufficiently resembled a human face, to be exceedingly disagreeable to see."

Anecdote of Wolfe.—After Wolfe's appointment, and on the day preceding his embarkation for America, Pitt, desirous of giving his last verbal instructions invited him to dinner, Lord Temple being the only other guest. As the evening advanced, Wolfe—perhaps, by his own aspiring thoughts, and the unwonted society of statesmen—broke forth into a strain of gaconade and bravado. He drew his sword, he rapped the table with it, he flourished it round the room, he talked of the mighty things which that sword was to achieve. The two ministers sat aghast at an exhibition so unusual from any man of real sense and real spirit. And when at last Wolfe had taken his leave, and his carriage was heard to roll from the door, Pitt seemed for the moment shaken in the high opinion which his deliberate judgment formed of Wolfe; he lifted up his eyes and arms, and exclaimed to Lord Temple: "Good God! that I should have entrusted the fate of the country and of the administration to such hands! This story was told by Lord Temple himself to a near and still surviving relative—one of my best and most valued friends.—Lord Mahon's History of England.—[Wolfe must have been half seas over.]"

Remarkable Escape.—The celebrated political writer, Thomas Paine, was member for Calais in the National Assembly, after the French Revolution. When Robespierre came into power, he was arrested and carried to prison, no reason of any consequence being assigned for this harsh treatment. The event is thus recorded in his own words:—"One hundred and sixty eight persons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one night, and a hundred and sixty of them executed the next day. Amongst them number my name was included; and the manner I escaped the guillotine is curious, having all the appearance of accident. The room in which I lodged was on the ground-floor, and one of a long range of chambers under a gallery, with the door opening outwards fast against the wall; so that when it was open the inside of the door appeared outward, and the contrary when it was shut.

When persons by scores and hundreds were to be taken out of prison for the guillotine, it was always done in the night; and those who performed that office had always a private mark, by which they knew what rooms to visit and what number to take. The door of my room was marked one morning unobserved by me, when it was open, and fast against the wall, being closed in the evening the fatal line of chalk came inside—and thus the destroying angel passed by. A few days after this, Robespierre fell, and Mr. Munroe arrived to reclaim me, and invite me to his house.

To make Water Cold for Summer.—The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice. Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton, to be constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside, and reduce it to the freezing point. In India and other tropical regions, where ice cannot be procured, this is common. Let every laborer at his place of employment have two-pitchers thus provided, and with lids or covers—the one to contain water for drinking, the other for evaporation; and he can always have a supply of cold water in warm weather. Any person

can test this by dipping a finger in water, and holding it to the air of a warm day; after doing this three or four times, he will find his finger uncomfortably cold.

A Curious Case.—A gentleman of Salem Mass., was suddenly seized with paralysis of the left arm, a few weeks ago. He went to Ipswich for recreation and exercise; and while there, became much fatigued, he found a resting place upon a sandy beach. During his siesta, his hand became imbedded in the sand, and shortly a violent pricking and itching sensation commenced. Receiving encouragement from this unexpected return of action in the part, he excavated a place in which he placed his arm and covering it up, soon fell into a quiet sleep, and so remained for about an hour. On arising, he found to his surprise and delight, that he had entirely recovered the use of his arm, and has still perfect use of the same. The question arises, was there any benefit from covering the limb with the sand, or was it merely an effort of nature, which happened at the time the hand became covered?

Mysterious Affair.—Murder.—A letter dated Hillsboro', North Carolina, July 25, contains the following particulars of a most mysterious occurrence, that lately happened in that (Orange) County. The letter states:

"We heard here yesterday of an occurrence which, to the neighborhood where it happened, I suppose is creating a good deal of excitement. A company of men a day or two since, went into Peter Geringer's mill pond to draw the seine. In drawing it the seine became entangled in some object, which soon yielded; and as it passed over the spot the dead body of a genteelly dressed man, with the head and one hand cut off, floated to the surface. The head and hand were then recovered. Upon an examination of the features, which were not at all distorted or disfigured, the deceased was ascertained to be a stranger, at least in that part of the country, as no one recognized the face. A day or two before this discovery, a strange horse, having on a bridle and bloody saddle, was taken up not far from the spot where the body was found. It is supposed that it is the body of some stranger who was passing through the country (probably some negro speculator having money about him.) Suspicion has as yet fallen on no one."

Murder and Arson in the Indian Country.—We learn from a gentleman just from the Indian Country that on Wednesday, the 17th inst., the trading house on Little River in the Creek Nation, belonging to Mr. Thomas Hazen of this town, has been burned; and two young men (brothers) well known and highly respected in this place, named Aired, with two other men whose names we are unable to learn, have been murdered and the goods in the store carried off by a party of wild Indians headed by the notorious Starr.—The Indians are said to be Camanches.—[Arkansas Intelligencer, July 27.]

Melancholy Occurrence.—Recently says the Perry (Pa.) Freeman, five or six boys and young men, were fowling in Carroll township. While returning home, they all at once raised their guns to fire, and believed the contents of all their fowling pieces had been discharged. After this, one of the young men put a cap on the tube of his gun, which was directed towards Benjamin Harrison, son of F. A. Gibson, Esq., and for mere sport, snapped it, when, horrible to relate, a load of shot was lodged in the body of the youth, towards whom the gun was directed. Young Gibson survived but one hour and a half.

Arkansas Insects.—The Arkansas Traveller tells a good story of a citizen of that State, who while on board a steamer on the Mississippi, was asked by a gentleman whether the raising of stock was attended by much difficulty or expense? Oh! yes, stranger!—they suffer much from insects.

Insectal Why, what kind of Insects, pray? Why, Bears, Catamounts, Wolves, and such like insects.

The stranger stopped further inquiry, nor did he deem it necessary to explain to the Arkansian some passages in Goldsmith's Natural History.

Five Convulsions.—We find the following in a foreign journal:—"A English gentleman travelling in the county of Kilkenny, came to a ford and hired a boat to take him across. The water being rather more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman, if any person was ever lost in the passage."

"Never!" replied the boatman. "My brother was drowned here last week, but we found him next day!"

Important improvement has been made in the stereotype printing, which bids fair to work a complete revolution in the book-making world. The procuring of a cast of movable type by the methods hitherto adopted with plaster of Paris has been attended with great difficulty and loss of time, objections so entirely removed by the substitution of some other substance by the new plan, that a perfect mould, free from all defects, may be obtained in half an hour. Under the old process the work occupied a day, and then frequently had to be done over again. Specimens, in which passages in Hebrew, Arabic, and other oriental languages are given, have been seen, and the stereotype is a perfect fac-simile of the original.—The saving in the expense of stereotyping effected by the new process, will be seventy or eighty per cent, and the public will no doubt benefit by it, by and by, in the reduced cost of standard works.

Thatched Crenelle at Carrollton.—We were informed last evening by Mr. Pierce, one of the editors of the Lafayette Sentinel, that on Friday night the batture at Carrollton, near the race ground, broke away about midnight, carrying a man named Peter Emery into the water, where he lost his life. The river is now only one foot from the main levee, which is caving fast, and at this point the water is 30 feet deep. A meeting of the citizens of Carrollton was held last night, and a request was sent immediately to the Mayor of this city for a large force to assist in making a new levee in the rear of the old one, as strong fears were entertained that a serious reverse would ensue. We sincerely hope that no such ill luck is to befall us. [N. O. Pic. 11th.]

Not a Bad Idea.—How should you like to have your hay-cocks covered up in rainy weather as effectually as the baggage on a stage coach is protected from the rains by a canvas covering? This may be done at not a great expense, and, on the whole, the plan which we have seen recommended may be good economy. In the Albany Cultivator we notice an article written by a successful farmer in the interior of New York, in which he says that, two years ago, he made purchase of the cheapest factory cotton, which he had cut up and sewed into squares large enough to cover the tops of his hay-cocks. At each of the four corners he attached a piece of lead or a stone to keep the covering in its proper place when thrown over the cocks. These coverings, taken proper care of, will last many years, and will always protect his hay whilst in the field from heavy dews and rains by night or day. The amount saved by means of them during one long rain-storm would greatly exceed the cost of the cloths.

[Augusta Banner.]

The Rose.—Of old, a rose was always placed above the heads of the guests in the banquetting hall, to banish restraint, and denote, that nothing said there should be repeated elsewhere; and hence originated the saying, sub rosa, when a secret was to be kept. Rhodes is thought to give its name to the immense quantity of roses which it produces. At Salency, in France, a curious festival is kept up, called the Festival of Roses. A young girl is selected from among three of the most distinguished for female virtues. Her name is announced from the pulpit. She is afterwards conducted to the church, to attend the vesper service. She was formerly accustomed to open the ball at night with the *seigneur*; now a present is bestowed upon her, and she is called *la rose*, because she is always adorned with flowers. The perfume of this delicious flower, is thus accounted for by the fabulous authors: "Love, at a feast at Olympus, in the midst of a lively dance, overtaken by a stroke of his wing, a goblet of nectar, which, falling on a rose, embalmked it with the rich fragrance which it still retains."—Reville.

Boundary Monuments.—Ninety-nine castings in iron were landed yesterday from on board the Boston packet brig Aedonia. They were consigned to the Weir, to be forwarded to Canada, for the purpose of making the long disputed Boundary line between her Majesty's possessions and those of the United States, as concluded by the late treaty. Each casting is about six feet in length, of a square form similar to that of the Bunker Hill Monument, and having the following inscriptions on the four sides.

"Treaty of Washington, Boundary, August, 9th, 1832. Lieut. Col. I. B. B. Estcourt, H. B. M. Commissioner."

"Albert Smith, U. S. Commissioner."

The Monuments have been re-shipped on board the schooner Mary Ann for Quebec.

[Halifax Herald.]

Why is a lady in bed like a lead roof, ed house? Dye give it up Tom. Because she lays in sheets.

## WESTERN TRADE.

Statement of sundry articles delivered at tide water from the canals, from the opening of navigation to the 1st of August:

	Quantity.	Value.
Flour barrels	308,164	\$4,086,734
Wheat bushels	347,939	347,939
Corn do	5,150	5,150
Barley do	13,620	13,620
Beef barrels	31,530	187,084
Pork do	45,440	227,200
Ashe do	55,977	1,041,440
Butter & lard lbs.	664,734	664,734
Cheese do	3,008,998	180,480
Wool do	3,527,450	1,763,725
		\$9,124,794

Statement of the same description of articles shipped at Buffalo, Black Rock, and Oswego, being from Western States, from the commencement of navigation to the 23d July last:

	Quantity.	Value.
Flour barrels	61,310	\$8,099,265
Wheat bushels	992,707	992,707
Corn do	47,492	47,492
Barley do	0	0
Beef barrels	24,985	137,417
Pork do	37,899	217,376
Ashe do	34,460	650,520
Butter & lard lbs.	4,839,044	483,904
Cheese do	174,054	174,054
Wool do	1,194,725	597,362
		\$9,124,794

The nine days difference in the two statements allows time for the articles delivered at Buffalo, Black Rock, and Oswego, up to the 23d July, to arrive at tide water by the 1st of August.

The total value of Articles named arriving at tide water is \$8,038,760; the total value of the articles named coming from other states is \$6,124,794, leaving the sum of \$1,913,965, or about 25 per cent, of the arrival at tide water, as the produce of this State—the residue of the arrival at tide water, or 75 per cent, being from Western States.

Of the articles arriving at tide water the proportions of each article from Western States and from this State are as follows:

	From this State.	From Western States.
Flour & wheat lbs.	109,909	567,251
Corn bushels	0	5,150
Barley do	13,620	0
Beef barrels	6,564	24,985
Pork do	6,000	31,899
Ashe do	18,117	24,460
Butter & lard lbs.	1,755,920	4,839,044
Cheese do	8,234,274	174,054
Wool do	2,232,725	1,763,725

Of Corn it will be seen that while 47,493 bushels came from the Western States, only 5,150 came to tide water. Of course the difference was consumed on the way in this way. And so of the pork, more came in from Western States than came to tide water. Of nearly 1,000,000 barrels of wheat and flour, only about 100,000 were from this state.

[Albany Argus.]

A Grave Charge.—Caroline Healy, has been arrested in New Orleans, she is charged with being an accessory before the fact of the murder of her husband A. Thompson. This is rather a singular case. Caroline Healy, it appears, lived as housekeeper for some time with Mr. Thompson, brass founder, the father of her husband, A. Thompson, deceased. She was clandestinely married to young Thompson some weeks before his decease. He died suddenly, a few days since, and his wife publicly asserted that her husband was poisoned by his father. The elder Thompson, by preferring to kill his child rather than he should be the husband of a woman whom the family did not wish to recognize. An inquest was held on the body of the deceased, and the contents of the stomach analyzed by an experienced chemist, who could not discover any thing to sustain this grave and serious charge. Mr. Thompson now accuses Caroline Healy of causing his son's death by some food means, and thus the matter stands at the present.

A Remarkable Man.—A few days since, deceased in this metropolis a humble but industrious native of Ireland, Patrick Faulkner. There was no self in this man. While living, his views were expansive, and he administered to the wants of many. To his two brothers in Ireland he recently sent such \$1000, and to his sister \$500. To the Sisters of Charity he bequeathed three hundred dollars, besides several smaller legacies, all of which were earned by following the occupation of Jobbing with a horse wagon!

[Boston Transcript.]

The word wife, is the most agreeable and delightful name in nature. It is not so itself, all the wiser part of mankind, from the beginning of the world to this day, has associated with error, and has attached to it a bad name. You may talk of the bonds of affection, the ties of friendship, and all that says Krantz, "but I know of no stronger attachment, than that which a husband owes to his wife, who can be so sure of her."



From the N. Y. Prophet.

## "MAGNA EST VERITAS ET PREVALENT."

"Though all the heads of doctrine were let loose upon the earth, to truth in the field, we do not injuriously by licensing and prohibiting, to mislead her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple."—Milton.

The distinguishing characteristic of the age, in religious and religious matters, is a tendency to Utrianism. In the language of an eminent writer, "men seem to see now as they saw in the past, in extent as well as in character of vision. We are almost ready to permit the influence of the past to be the influence of the future, that the change of circumstances is no great thing, that what was wisdom once is no longer such; that the political or religious systems which we now rear on the ruins of the old ones, must ever advance to the monuments of our superior wisdom. Gibbon informs us that it was while viewing the ruins of ancient Rome, that he first formed the idea of that gigantic work, to which he devoted a large portion of his life; a work replete with instruction from the dead in our dangers and our duties he thought that history was philosophy speaking by example and indeed it is so.

We may gaze with speechless admiration upon the monuments which fallen nations have left of their glory, in the Ionic elegance of the temples of Apollo at Miletus, and Diana at Ephesus, the Doric grandeur and sublimity of the temple of Theseus at Athens, what are these compared with the price at which they were purchased—the price of liberty?—What are Athens and Rome? Three once glorious republics have become blended with the shade of the past; they live only in our memories; their downfall may be traced to their departure from those virtues which were the foundation stones of their strength. Who will look for one moment at modern Rome, when he may see the ruins even of the ancient city? What is true of nations is equally true of the people of God, if they depart from his service, their destruction is sure, and God leaves them to rear their own systems upon a heterogeneous mass of error and truth, which they vainly suppose are decided improvements of his plan of salvation, and most eventually supersede it. But who I ask, that is not thoroughly imbued with the common spirit of utilitarianism and innovation, will regard for a moment, the religious systems of man, when he may behold in all its native simplicity and dignity, the plan of salvation as devised by Almighty God?

Like the early Christians, the Latter-day Saints are assailed by the priests of the day, by being innovators, a charge which they indignantly disclaim, and which is truly farcical, considering the sources from whence it emanates; from those miserably flimsy pretenses to Christianity, who wield an influence decidedly harmful to her extension, and indeed hostile to her very existence, for while the avowed infidel attempts openly, but fruitlessly, to say the foundation upon which rests Christ's Church. These with the more specious appearance of friendship and zeal for her doctrine, wage war not merely with her enemies, but severely with Christianity herself. These pseudo friends in the persons of ministers and church members have taken her under their insidious protection, only to dishonor her at their leisure, and use what advantages they have acquired by faithless and hollow professions, to give an air of probability to the plausible mischiefs which they have prepared against her, and to plunder her by stealth of some of her fairest distinctions, so that we are wholly unable to recognize her in the painted, patched, and disfigured garb in which they have arrayed her.

It was once said by Tallyrand, of a celebrated physician, that he knew a little of every thing, even of medicine. But it may not be said of these persons, with all their professions, that they have embraced even the first principles of the doctrine of Christ. I write with warmth but with no roots of bitterness in my heart; I write with the solemn conviction of my responsibility as one who has embraced the truth in the love of it, and in view of the angelic influence which all men must one day appear. Oh! that God would inspire me with wisdom from on high, to present truth in such plainness that some wayward wanderer in the wide of error may fall in love with her by listening up out of the wilderness, leaning on the arm of her beloved. Any person not tolerably conversant with the annals of history, must know that there is no principle which is so directly opposed to the taste and views of the formalist or profligate, as revelation from God; a principle which God's people have always held, and for which martyrs have died in every age—a principle (this fact none deny dispute) which has always distinguished the people of God in the days of their obedience and prosperity. When men have rejected revelation, and have not for themselves chosen, broken covenants, which can hold no water; then it is that God has left them in their deplorable wickedness, to all the distraction of division and uncertainty, to the worse than Egyptian darkness of an enslaved mind.—Then it was with the Jews; they killed the prophets which were among them, and God left them to their own ways; and immediately they divided into different sects, Herodians, Pharisees, Sadducees, Samaritans, and others, just like the sects of the present day, without any head of union, all of them utterly destitute of a knowledge of God; their natural inclinations and blindness led them to place false constructions upon the prophecies, and of course they did not know when they were fulfilled. They declared if they had lived in the days of their fathers, they would not have killed the prophets, but evinced the utter futility of their professions, by slaying those whom God had sent among them. The mystery of the whole was that they were destitute of revelation, which God intended, but for the wickedness of man, should always remain in the church.—Longer silence of time had come, and God made it be light, in the morning of creation, "Let there be light," and there was light. The darkness had come, but Oh! how humbly, how

directly the reverse from the common expectation; the Jews had rejected the prophecies, and they knew him not.

Who will say that prophecies are not necessary? Who will say that revelation is unnecessary? Jesus went forth (preceded by John who worked no miracle) and established his church on the foundation of apostles and prophets, he himself being the chief corner stone. Ephesians II 20. And he gave to this church spiritual gifts, which were to continue in the church so long as she remained in an organized form. Eph. iv, 1 Cor. xii. And for this church he prayed just previous to his betrayal, when he knew that he must soon leave them. Neither pray I for these alone; but for them also which shall believe on me through thy word. That they all may be one; as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me. How different all this is from the religion of the present day; ever the very foundation is taken away, and most of the gifts, and so far from praying for a unity which the gospel contemplates, and for which Jesus prayed as an evidence to the world of the divinity of his mission, the religionists of the present day, when talking with the Mormons delight to call to mind and expatiate on the advantage of division in the Christian church; the fact of division they are too often reminded of by the Jews of the skeptic, and the failure of their much loved projects, and to cancel their confusion, they have taxed their inventive powers, to construct some kind of a robe to hide its hideous deformity. How preposterous it is to tell of a advantages. A lawing that some benefit might arise from discussion, can they at all compare with the more serious side of the "separatist" garments dipped in blood, the garments of the wounded and the dying—the broad and constantly swelling ranks of infidelity, embracing the brightest and most promising portion of the world, and last, not least, that spirit of bigotry and persecution which is as savage as the tiger, and as cruel and relentless as the grate I ask where is the grief and echo answer where? How any one can for a moment suppose after having studied the New Testament, that any church not organized according to the pattern there laid down by the great Head of the church, can be the true one, it is difficult to conceive, unless their creed be "credo quod impossibile." The pigmy form, dissonant spirit, repulsive aspect, and incongruous teachings, of the present churches, prove to any person with a cast of mind ordinarily reflective, that they are the growth of any other than an apostolic age. It is impossible to convince the world that that degraded form without dignity or grace, characterized by a certainty of disposition, wholesale denunciation, and a spirit of falsehood and murderous persecution, is the true, peaceful, transferring, religion of Him who speaks as men never speak.

It is most curiously obvious that there has been a wide departure from the simplicity of primitive Christianity. This apostasy has been foretold in the days of the apostles. 1 Tim. ii 2 Tim. ii 13, etc. At the close of the sixteenth century, such men as Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Melancthon, woke from their profound slumbers, heartily sick of the corruptions and mummeries of the Pope, and were hailed by thousands of the sons and daughters of oppression and superstition as the auspicious omens of a brighter and happier day. They discarded, to be sure, many of the follies of the system of religion from which they had just emerged, but after all, theirs was a partial reformation—they were still in Babylon—their highest aim seems to be to mend the old system; and prove that time is the recent day, at different periods, such men as Wesley Murray, Edwards, Campbell, have arisen from some cause or another, and have become the projectors of new editions of Christianity, so that the religious world has become a Babel of conflicting faiths; and the skeptical points triumphantly to the opposing sects, as an unanswerable argument in favor of his assertion that the Bible affords ample ground on which to rear superstructures of faith wide as the polar expanse, and therefore cannot have emanated from God.

Christianity as it fell from the lips of Jesus Christ and his apostles, is now treated as if it had at length been discovered to be fictitious; not only by infidel and the unthinking, but by the various denominations of modern Christians themselves. From the days in which Christ said the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force, men have been aware of the miserable condition of their faith, yet no one seems to have looked with a longing, lingering desire towards God for a restoration of the faith once delivered to the saints; the great mass have been willing to hear and teach for doctrine the commandment of men. No never had the voice of man been heard for centuries proclaiming the apostolic faith, until God saw fit, to send forth into the world, a youth, with the bloom of boyhood upon his cheek, uninitiated in the mysteries of orthodoxy, totally unacquainted with the tradition of the schools, one who loved truth and the approbation of his God, better than the praise of man. He was the son of an indigenous, depending entirely upon manual labor for his subsistence. Under these circumstances, he went forth gifted with that wisdom which comes from God only, which all the machinations of his enemies were not able to gain; he resisted. All the eloquence of the most gifted orators; all the arguments of the most profound reasoners; the whole host of historians, logicians and polemics, have been unable to detect a single departure from the scriptures. The religion which he promulgated. The wicked falsehoods of catch-penny tracts, pamphlets and newspaper effusions, which have been widely and industriously circulated; the four volumes of pernicious hypocrites who have been excommunicated from her bosom; the almost incredible labors and unparalleled self-denial and treacherous persecution to which he has been subjected, all, etc., have not been able to prevent the most rapid and astonishing progress of primitive Christianity, that has been known since Jesus dwelt among men.

Already has she a foothold in various parts of the United States, the Canada, Nova Scotia, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the islands of the sea, &c., and this church who was looked upon as contemptible, is now formidable in numbers, and a Daniel predicted the little stone shall fill the whole earth. This gospel of the kingdom must first be preached among all nations, then shall the end come.

Who, I ask most solemnly, who, but the most sceptical, cannot recognize the hand of God in all this?

In the prosecution of their holy work, the saints of God are obliged to contend with not only the almost invincible force of educational prejudices, pre-conceived and long established opinions, but also with the greatest and foulest flood of falsehood that was ever put in circulation by Satan himself, mendacious loquaciousness and all his host. It is almost, if not quite, beyond the range of language to exaggerate here, my heart grows warm as I write upon this subject, and I wonder that the red hot bolts of Heaven's condign vengeance have not been visited upon them. I shudder for the people of this generation, who have aided in this nefarious work, by the suppression of truth or otherwise, when I call to mind that there is a day of terrible retribution at hand, when all men shall stand at the judgment seat of Christ, to be judged according to the deeds done in the body. Then will the hollow-hearted professors of religion know that there is a God of justice, then will the minister of religion, and the mercenary editor, (both grand engines in their hands) forget their ill-gotten gain, they will forget utterly their meagre short-lived triumphs over truth and its faithful advocates; and they, the apostles of whose invertebrate against the Saints of the Last Days, nothing could abate, will be crowned with shame, the numerous, mournful train, will be obliged, sadly indeed, to drink to the very dregs, the bitter portion of the chalice which they have prepared for themselves. The fair children of our country have been polluted, the constitution has become vitally illegible, and many of the brave sons of Columbia, have been degraded to the condition of cattle. Oh! God of our fathers, speed, oh! speed the day, when the hand of injustice shall be removed from thy people, and the glorious era of universal and everlasting righteousness shall be ushered in. The blood of the martyrs of Jesus, yes, prophets, patriarchs and saints, has crimsoned this fair land, may it ever be a memorial before thee of their undying faithfulness in thy cause. It is very common for religionists to suppose that the Latter-day Saints cannot be a good people, because they are so severely persecuted. "But Christ says, 'If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love you; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember the word that I said unto you—the servant is not greater than his lord.' And again—'They that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.' The religion of Jesus never did and never will become so fashionable as to shield its adherents from persecution; it is only when it is mixed up with the follies of men, and diluted down to their taste, that it receives the adulation of the multitude. If the people of God were beloved by the world in any age, ('I speak verily, my heart trembles while I write,') 'how not the language of our Lord attribute to him a very strange way of speaking, and something of a deceptive manner?' The draught of fire which followed the early disciples, seem to have been rekindled, and the ministers of the Latter-day Saints have and do now ask themselves the question on entering their fields of labor, have I grace and strength to suffer for the gospel as they suffered. I am acquainted with elders of this church, who, even in this age of illumination and toleration, have assisted to perform the last task of sepulture to forty of their brethren at one time, who died noble martyrs for the "faith once delivered to the saints." Thousands of men, helpless women and young children, have been forcibly ejected from their peaceful homes, in an incontinent season of the year, and no virtuous indignation, no Christian sympathy was aroused in their favor; yet with all their sorrows, the Latter-day Saints would not exchange their faith for any other, for the value of the universe; they know in whom they have believed, and that deliverance shall eventually be theirs.

In the New York Sun of the 16th ult., I noticed among some flippant remarks on Joseph Smith the beloved Prophet, an assertion that he was a heartless, unfeeling aspirant, a man without a redeeming quality; it appears to me that such a libellous ascription, must have proceeded from very narrow or willfully distorted views. A mere cursory glance at that nobleman's life, ought to cover with shame the man's face who can be guilty of such barefaced falsehood. If such had been his character, would he have invariably stood between his people and death in all their persecutions? Was he ever assailed by temptation to swerve from the path of the just? If so, it must have been during the late troubles at Nauvoo. To a man of acute sensibility, of warm and generous feelings as were he, it must have been painful to tear himself from his people, the warmer of his choice and his children. Assassination he knew was almost inevitable, he saw the grave fast opening before him and was he unappalled? He was. Overwhelmed as a man of selfish ambition must have been, he stood firm a practised declaration, that his was that high order of moral responsibility and benevolence to which extraordinary minds alone are a tributary. He laid down his life like a good shepherd for the sheep, the damp shroud and lonely coffin are his, but his spirit calmly smiles in the presence of Jesus. "Blood for the martyrs shall be the seed of the church," God's nobleman the chivalry of the age, the herald of salvation, shall be raised up by thousands and fly on the wings of the wind, to the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills, all nations shall hear, until he shall come whose right it is to reign; then in the morning of the resurrection, when every chain that now binds down God's people shall be knocked off, when the martyrs for Jesus, shall at his mandate

burst the bars of death, and stand with their sheaves with them upon the earth redeemed, then having passed through all their afflictions, having endured hardships like good soldiers of Jesus Christ filled with those eternal joys which flow supernatural from the throne of God, like incense from a censor, Hallelujah! Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! Then shall the righteous shine forth in the kingdom of their Father in all the splendor of the royal sun, reflecting forever the celestial rays that hang from the Eternal Presence. God grant to breathe his benediction upon his people, to stretch out his arm to sustain them in all their afflictions, and preserve them blameless unto the coming of Christ is the prayer of your brother in the Lord.

JOHN A. EATON.

Boston, Aug. 10, 1844.

## THE NEIGHBOR.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 13, 1844.

Not So.—The New York Prophet is mistaken about Gen. Smith's views of Mr. Polk, Oregon, Texas, &c. General Smith opposed Van Buren, Calhoun, Clay and Polk, and was prepared to oppose others on principle. And as to the admission of Texas, Oregon, or any territory, it was on "petitions" of the people; *Vox populi, vox Dei*; but as for annexation (by party power) of any place, he never named it; and as for supporting Polk or Clay, it was all the same—might just as well go for Boggs and Benton, Jack straw and the Day of Algiers. No Mormon can serve General Smith's Views—and Mammon!

The News.—The Mississippi and Missouri Rivers are falling; a thief stole a pair of saddle bags on the steamer "White Cloud," containing \$450, Prince Albert has presented the Autocrat of all the Russias, with a stud horse worth \$3000, a Durham Bull worth fifteen thousand dollars, and Leicester ram all pure blood and high priced; Joseph Bonaparte, the king of Spain is dead; Uncle Sam has sent out a new snag boat called the "Gopher"; it is said that the inhabitants of the whole world use yearly eight hundred millions of pounds of Coffee, and as much sugar; these at a bit a pound, are worth two hundred millions; Mr. Norris, the Philadelphia engine builder, has agreed to go to Austria, and build engines for Prince Metternich; Queen Victoria, by her love and affection for the people, blessed; her nation with another "Duke of York," on the 5th ult. the Princess de Joinville, has also given the French a Princess; the Post master of Cairo, Ky. recently robbed the mail of \$320; the Pope is sick; Wm. Ousley has been elected governor of Kentucky; the yellow fever is making some severe ravages at Galveston; a fire at Granville in Michigan, recently destroyed \$50,000 worth of property; a girl, aged 14 died not long since, on Long Island, from swallowing a peach pit; there has lately been quite a gale at the mouth of the Mississippi; in the interior of Africa, exist a people without the use of fire; Insurance offices there would doubtless be a nuisance; the governor of Massachusetts wrote to the governor of Rhode Island, saying, if he did not release Gov. Dorr, the Bay state would go for Polk and Dallas, and he replied—he did not care a d—n! if it did; the Portland Locomotive run into a drove of cattle the other day and killed an ox, besides throwing off the brakeman; Professor Maffit is storming the castle for the Methodists in North Carolina; his wife keeps a tavern in Texas; the world is wide and so we say, bless every thing an inch high that deserves it.

## PARTY SPIRIT.

The experience of almost seventy years, has taught many of the people of these United States, that party spirit is the bane of a free government. It cannot be concealed, that the high toned feelings, lofty calculations, and national jealousy for the common weal, which, in the infancy of our Republic, animated and stimulated the hearts of the people, have degenerated into a low spirit, too disgusting, among noble minded men, to need reprehension. This singular and sinful degradation of a nation's honor, has not crept into the bosoms of freemen, through a want of education, for even the lapsing infant is taught that, "Intelligence is the life of liberty," but the great evil arises from the patronage of the public crib, bestowed upon unworthy men; as a *quid pro quo* for electioneering services; whereby the "loaves and fishes" have become more charming than the virtue of the nation, or the honor of the officer.

Where the virtue of the people once would have spurned the idea of "bess" and "gatherings" for political effect, now the habits of the multitude bespeak a loud huzzas for county mass meetings, state mass meetings, and national mass meetings, showing the surrounding kingdoms that shallow water becomes disturb-

ed by storms sooner than deep water.—In fact, if the tempestuous state of society, as it bursts into mobs does not indicate heated passions, from Congress hall, down to the log cabins, then all signs have failed in this great political drouth in the domains of freedom. But it is so, and why is it? Ah! that is the rub! Did General Washington ever go from State to State, and gather the people by tens, fifties and hundreds of thousands, to hear the wind of Statesmen, and the rant of demagogues? No, he was too wise to triffl with the people's time and money, to subserve self ends! He was ever opposed to political combinations where no restraint could reach the leaders; and no remuneration could reward the poor devotees.

But we are going on too far, and must conclude by saying that the present mode of manufacturing public opinion and pushing forward party spirit, by great gatherings of the people, will eventually grow into a monster as detrimental to the country as the wooden horse was to the peace of Troy.

Illinois Canal Loan.—The following letter, on the progress of the Illinois Canal loan, addressed to Col. Oakley, one of the Commissioners, per Hibernia, is rather cool for great calculations towards public works in this state.

London, August 10, 1844.

I did not write to you on the 16th by the Great Western, hoping that I should be able to day to advise that progress, or a beginning, had been made in a measure which I expected would enable the committee to complete your arrangement. I am sorry it is not in my power to give you this advice, by this conveyance; but the matter is in the hands of a gentleman on the committee, a friend of yours, who is very devoted, and who still believes, in the way to which I refer, or in some other, that your object will be attained.

In the meantime, I am anxious to impress upon you, the importance of nothing being done by the State, which will effect the opinion of parties here, its character for honor and good faith. Illinois 41 42, nominal; Indiana sold at 37; Pennsylvania 63 a 70.

Man Eaters at New Zealand.—The Journal des Debats gives the following story, communicated by a correspondent at Akaroa, in New Zealand:

Probably, before my letter arrives in France, you will have learnt that the Mahouris, a tribe of Zealanders, have killed thirty English of this colony; but you, perhaps, will not know that the bodies of these unfortunate men were eaten. This is but too true. We have been out on a hunting party, for about a week, when one evening we arrived among the friendly tribe of Teraupera or Mahouris, and found them regaling themselves with human flesh. We all conceived that they were eating some captives or native slaves of their own. As I understood the language, I could not resist expressing my indignation, and I threatened them with chastisement from the crew of the corvet. The savages were alarmed, and endeavored to appease me, by saying, "they are not men of Mahouri that we are eating, but some Yee Yee—for it is thus they call the English. They then exhibited to us the heads of their victims, and I recognized among them that of Capt. Wakefield, one of the distinguished inhabitants of Port Nicholas, who had entertained us at his house when he went to the town to procure provisions. I was seized with horror at this sight. My companions blamed me for having risked irritating the cannibals, as we are only five against two hundred. But they gave us confidence, by saying, "Oh, the *Ozei* out, (for so they distinguish us,) are good people, but the Yee Yee are very wicked." They then related that they had killed the English, because they wished to establish themselves in a bay which they had not purchased, and which the Mahouris were unwilling to give up. We then retired, with our hearts full of horror and disgust.

Truly, mobocracy, like the atmosphere, reaches round the globe. What a monstrous fear pervades the breasts of men, that their neighbors may do them some good; or jealousy, that somebody will do some wrong. What a happy time it will be when jealousy and enmity cease!

The Potatoe.—We know that the Potatoe was first introduced into Europe by Sir Walter Raleigh, from Virginia, in 1585. Potatoes were, at first, cultivated by a very few, and considered a great delicacy. In a manuscript account of the household expenses of Queen Anne (wife of James I.), the purchase of a very small quantity of potatoes is mentioned at two shillings a pound. In 1632, they were for the first time, planted in the open fields. Sweet potatoes had been brought from New Granada, by Sir John in 1545.

America boasts of various roots and herbs, &c., potatoes, tobacco, Indian corn, and the &c. consists of liberty, mobocracy, and murder, with impunity. "How we apples swim!"

The Osprey.—We are grateful to Capt. Anderson for his strict punctuality, and we understand he will be much obliged to his patrons in Nauvoo, if, in future, they will be ready precisely, at 8 o'clock, as he must "be off" at that time, to keep his promise and word good.

Gov. Ford and the Mormons have not done "agitating" yet. Some violent outbreak will most likely occur in or near Nauvoo shortly. It is monstrous that these fanatics, the Mormons, cannot be kept in order. We almost think that their extermination would be a work of philanthropy.

[N. Y. American Rep.]

For a native American, we really think the above smells pretty strong anti-philadelphos. The pleasant suburb of New York, appears to be sprinkled with now and then a "red bud" as well as the Western wilds. When will virtue reign! And when will peace and religion be as earnestly sought for the bliss of mankind, as contention, strife, and folly are to destroy one half of the world, for the lustful ambition of the other? "Almost philanthropy" to exterminate! Mr. Native, or Mr. "Red Bud," who is the plebeian, and who is the patrician? Shame, shame on the man, that seeks to murder his countrymen! Jefferson, Adams, Washington, or Hancock's spirit never dwelt in such a breast.—No, never; but Benedict Arnold's, dom, with all his infamy, disgrace, and serpentine vengeance to ensnare it. Oh!

The Savage and the Christian.—Joc-on, the walking bear, a famous Sauk chief, of stalwart frame and noble bearing, was a twelve month or more ago, persuaded by some speculating Yankee to abandon his wild retreats and simple savage life, and submit to exhibitions of himself in the principal cities. At Cincinnati, he was introduced on to the theatrical boards, and, in a class of plays got up to represent Indian life, he acted the principal character, with considerable success. From thence, he was taken with other red men, to the east; and finally across the ocean, to "astonish the natives" of the old world. Joc-on became a lion in the court of royalty, was presented to the Queen, and wherever he moved, clad in his grotesque and fanciful adornments of person, was the observed of all curious eyes. His lithograph, in full Indian costume, was taken in London, by the lithographers to the Queen, and is a beautiful specimen of the art, as well as a striking memento of the race fast fading from existence. But unfortunately Joc-on, in forming an acquaintance with the pale faces, learned some of their vices, and his change of habits, and free use of the poisonous fire-water, appear to have given disease a lethal grasp upon his powerful frame.

According to the Cleveland Herald, he is now lying in the chamber of a kind and benevolent family on the pier of that place, in the last stages of consumption, having been landed there, recently, on his way from Europe to Fort Leavenworth, Mo., without money, friends, or a single voice to cheer him in his native tongue. Still he submits, without a murmur, to the directions of physicians and nurses, and with patient resignation, points to the dwelling of the Great Spirit, and remarks: "Joc-on, die—go up."

We clip the above from an exchange, and solemnly add, that "the poor Indian while imitating our vices catches our disorders," and learns the benefit of civilization, and Christianity.

Steamboat Accident.—From the officers of the steamboat Gulnare, who arrived here this morning on board the steamer Virginian, we learn that on last Sunday morning, between 12 and 1 o'clock, the steamboat Westwood, bound down, ran into and sank the Gulnare in Walcott end, about 55 miles below Memphis, striking her on the starboard side just in the forward hatch, which caused her to sink in about five minutes, almost before her hull rose. The fullness, at the time of the accident, was hugging the West bank of the river, on her way from New Orleans to this city, with a heavy cargo of merchandise. She had a large tow, which was between her and the shore, and on this the passengers were enabled to save themselves and most of their baggage. The Gulnare was owned in this city principally by Messrs. Rhaioe, Tompkins & Barrett, and we learn she was not insured. By a letter from Cpt. B. M. Strother, we learn that the boat and cargo will be a total loss. Two deck passengers were drowned, in attempting to save their baggage; neither of their names are known; one of them was a discharged soldier of the third regiment of U. S. Infantry. A deck hand belonging to the boat was also lost; his name is John Holberg. The Westwood is a new boat, and belongs to Cumberland river.—New Era.

The Shirt Tree.—In the forests of the Orinoco, there is a tree which often attains the height of fifty feet. The natives make shirts of the bark of this tree, which requires only to be stripped off, and to be deprived of its red and fibrous parts; the shirt is thus formed, without a seam. The head is thrust through one end, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms; natives wear these shirts in the rainy seasons, which, according to Humboldt, are equal to any of our Macintoshes for keeping out the wet.







## GRAPHIC SKETCH.

On the morning of the 10th of August, the "Rhode Island Herald" was the author of the following sketch. It is extracted from one of the lectures on genius, and alludes to the Natural Bridge in Virginia.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unbroken rocks, which the Almighty bridged over these everlasting abysses "the morning star sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand up those perpendicular belwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel.

The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they drew themselves up and carved their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Caesar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to the fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and, clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. It is a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his foot and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals; large and deep, into that slaty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost in his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits this almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the haft. He hears heavy voices, but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that freeze their young blood. He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire; swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! your mother and Henry and Harriet, are all here praying for you! don't look down! keep your eye towards the top!" The boy didn't look down. His eye was fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help below. How carefully he used his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers—resting a moment at each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below. There stands his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get from under this over-hanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spiced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang upon the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gasp he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. "This but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!" he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ears from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint, convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words, "God! and mother!" whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity. E. B.

Gov. Dorr.—The Rhode Island Herald says (and we regret to hear it,) that Gov. Dorr is suffering from severe illness, and that his friends applied for such relaxation of the severity of the discipline to which he is subjected, as is deemed necessary for the preservation of his health—which was refused. The Providence Daily Advertiser on the other hand, avers that his general health is good, and there is no foundation for the rumor of illness. One of the editors of the Albany Atlas says, a week since he called at the prison in which Dorr is placed, and enquired concerning his health. The keeper refused to answer such enquiries; they knew no person by the name of Dorr; when a criminal was imprisoned there, he was only known by the number of his cell. The number of the cell being ascertained, the keeper was asked if he would permit a message to be sent to the prisoner. This, too, was refused; and these simple enquiries were evidently regarded as insulting and offensive. We cannot perceive the justice of the policy of this harsh treatment to Gov. Dorr, and think that a great reaction in public opinion will be brought about, by which those who feed power and forget right will lose their control in the State. We want no stronger proof that he is not considered as a criminal, by those who oppose him than this single fact: "If Dorr," say they, will abjure his political views in relation to the existing Government of the State, and will take the oath of allegiance to the Constitution, and request to be released, he will be released." This opinion or declaration has been made and expressed and is not denied. It is a fatal admission for it conclusively proves that they do not consider Gov. Dorr as a criminal, but merely a person sentenced tyrannically to be imprisoned for life for matters of opinion, and if he will renounce those opinions, they will open his prison doors. Dorr thus incarcerated cannot surrender his opinion to obtain his liberty. They should at all events treat him as a prisoner of State, and with humanity.

Heidelberg Troubles.—On Tuesday, Sheriff Ratterman left this city in a wagon, accompanied by Deputy Leonard, for the Heidelberg, to serve process on the tenants of the Manor of Rensselaerwyck. He was, we understand, refused admittance in the taverns and private houses on the road, and was forced to sleep that night in the barn of Mr. Van Leuven, a tavern keeper of Berne. Attempts were made during the night to enter the place, but the Sheriff who was armed, threatened to punish the first man who should enter and so kept his castle safe till morning. In the morning he proceeded on his route, and about noon his horse was shot twice, once with small shot and again with bullets, by outlaws disguised as Indians. He subsequently, in the day, captured two of the persons engaged in the outrage, but they escaped. He returned to the city last night. One man with whom he had a conflict during the day, had the Sheriff arrested this morning for assault and battery!

The story of the capture of the Sheriff which was published in the Journal of last night grew out of the imperfect rumor which reached this city of resistance offered to him and prolonged absence.—[Albany Atlas.]

What color is the grass when covered with snow. Invisible green.

**FRESH GOODS AT KIMBALL'S.**  
JUST received per Osprey, and for sale at his usual low price.

**\$50 REWARD** will be given to any one that will show better fits and nearer workmanship than can be had at A. W. Flower's new tailoring establishment. He has not gone up the river nor down the river, but has removed his N. Y. Tailor Shop and Emporium of Fashions, east of the Temple, on Knight street, directly north of Mr. Beach's Store. He is a little out of the main part of the city, but if the gentlemen of Nauvoo and vicinity will favor him with their patronage, they shall be paid for their extra trouble by having their work done at the following reduced prices:

First rate coats for \$4.00

2nd " " " 3.00

3d " " " 2.00

First rate pants for 1.25

2nd " " " 1.00

3d " " " .75

Vests the same as pants.

20tf A. W. FLOWERS.

**WOOD WANTED.**

A GOOD quantity of steam boat wood for which a fair price will be paid, delivered at Kimball's landing, by

KIMBALL.

Sept. 4-19tf.

**NAUVOO SEMINARY.**

M. J. M. and MISS A. B. COLE, having withdrawn from the school for the present, it will be continued by the subscriber, who hopes by devoting all his energies to the advancement of his pupils, to merit the approbation of all who may favor him with their patronage.

Terms of tuition per quarter of 60 days.

Spelling, reading and writing, \$3.00

Grammar, Geography and Arithmetic, \$2.50

Natural Philosophy, 3.00

Book keeping, 4.00

No allowance for absentees, unless prevented from attendance by sickness or by special agreement; the fact of a child attending the school will be considered as a contract on the part of the parent for his or her tuition the remainder of the term. Parents will please see that their children attend as regular as possible, as it is impossible for any scholar to learn who is irregular in his attendance at school.

E. W. B. KELSEY.

Nauvoo, Aug 26 1844-tf.

**MINIATURE LIKENESSES.**

L. R. FOSTER, is now prepared to take Likenesses, by the Daguerrotype process, in the most beautiful style of the art, either plain or colored, at his Daguerrotype Rooms, on Main Street, a few rods above Ivins's Store.

By this wonderful process, which is a combination of nature and art, a more correct and beautiful likeness can be obtained, than by any other method which has been known to man. An image of the person, as exact as that formed by a mirror, is transferred to, and permanently fixed upon a highly polished silver plate, through the agency of an optical instrument. Only two or three minutes are required for the operation. The discovery was made by a Frenchman named Daguerre, (hence the name Daguerrotype,) and has excited the wonder, admiration and surprise of every one, upon first beholding the effects of the art; and such is the beauty of the work, and so perfectly to the life is nature shown up in her every lineament and feature and expression, that each succeeding specimen serves only to increase but not to satiate these emotions of the mind. How valuable or rather invaluable, would be such a likeness of an absent or departed friend.

Specimens may be seen at the Rooms, and at the Nauvoo Mansion.

Price only three dollars, including a handsome morocco case.

Instructions in the Art, given upon reasonable terms, and Apparatus for sale.

Aug. 10-tf

**TO THE FARMERS AROUND NAUVOO AND VICINITY.**

THOSE brethren who want to exchange their grain, pork, beef, potatoes &c., for property, wearing apparel &c., would do well to give the Temple committee a call. They would be glad to exchange any kind of property in their hands for grain, inasmuch as provisions are most wanted to carry on the works.

N. B. A good new turning lathe for sale at the Committee office.

WM. CLAYTON, Temple Recorder.

August 7th 1844-tf.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE.**

An iron bound leather travelling trunk, for which a fair price will be paid. Enquire at this office.

**WANTED**

25,000 BUSHELS WHEAT

at KIMBALL'S.

18tf GLASS.

20 BOXES, 7 by 9 glass, for sale at auction price, by

July 30-tf. RIMBALL

**NEW YORK CHEESE.**

JUST received and for sale at

July 30, 1844. KIMBALL'S.

**MACKERAL.**

A FINE ARTICLE for sale cheap at

July 30, 1844. KIMBALL'S.

**A CERTAIN Cure for Bowell Complaints.** (No cure no pay!!) prepared and sold on Main street by

July 30-3m EPHRAIM S. GREEN.

## MEDICATED LOZENGES.

THESE celebrated Lozenges are now offered to the citizens of Nauvoo and the West, as the best preparations (for the cure of the various diseases for which they are recommended) ever offered to the public. The proprietor, Dr. Sherman, is a regular graduate of Medicine, a member of the Medical Society of the city and county of New York, and these Lozenges are prepared from medical prescriptions which have been approved by the most celebrated physicians in that city; in addition to which they are prepared in so pleasant a manner that children eat them with avidity and cry for more. They consist of

**COUGH LOZENGES.**  
Which are the safest and most effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Asthma, &c., ever offered to the public. They operate by promoting expectoration, allaying the irritation of coughing, and removing the cause of the disease.

**WORM LOZENGES.**  
The only infallible Worm medicine ever discovered. In over 400,000 cases they have never been known to fail. Many diseases arise from worms and occasion long and intense suffering and even death without their ever being suspected; grown persons are very often afflicted with them, and are doctored for various complaints, without any benefit, when one dose of these Lozenges would speedily cure them.

**CAMPFIRE LOZENGES.**  
For Nervous or Sick Head Ache, Palpitations of the Heart, lassitude and nervous affections generally. Persons traveling or attending large parties, will find the Lozenges really reviving, and imparting the buoyancy of youth—used after dispensation, they will restore the tone of the system generally, and remove all the unpleasant symptoms arising from too free living.

**CATHARTIC LOZENGES.**  
The best Cathartic medicine for removing bile from the system and preventing attacks of the bilious and intermittent fever of this section of country.

**FEVER AND AGUE LOZENGES.**  
These Lozenges have been tested by a celebrated physician in a practice of twenty years, and have never been known to fail in removing the distressing disease. In addition to which, if the directions be followed, the disease will not return.

A cure in all cases guaranteed or the money refunded.

SHERMAN'S POOR MAN'S PLASTER.

This Plaster, of which over 1,000,000 are sold yearly, is believed to be the best Plaster for rheumatism, lumbago, pain in the back, side, breast or any other part of the body, ever prepared, and its price (only 12 1/2 cents,) brings it within the reach of every person in the community.

A large supply of these celebrated articles just received and for sale at this office.

**THE OLD STAND.**

AT the store of the late Gen. Joseph Smith:

**KIMBALL.**

Has just received a large addition to his former stock of Dry Goods, and also a general assortment of Groceries; Gentlemen, Ladies, and Children's Shoes, which he will sell lower than any other house in the city.

July 30-tf.

**TAKE NOTICE.**

**MRS. HALL,**

STRAW AND SILK BONNET MAKER;

Men's Hats cleaned, and Boy's Cloth Caps made to order.

**TERMS, LOW.**

Residence, Parley St., Gen. Rich's old house. June 19-12tf

**SUPERIOR BLUE AND BLACK INKS;** manufactured and sold on Main street by

July 30-3m EPHRAIM S. GREEN.

**TO THE SAINTS IN LEE COUNTY IOWA TERRITORY.**

BROTHER L. S. DALRYMPLE is requested to collect the tithing for the Temple in your county, and is hereby authorized to receive the same and forward it to Nauvoo as early as possible.

By order of the Temple committee.

W. CLAYTON, Recorder.

Nauvoo July 25th 1844-tf

**10,000 BUSHELS WHEAT WANTED!**

A NEW lot of GOODS, per steamer OSPREY,

just received, which, with the old stock, will be sold cheap for wheat, and so forth.

No debenture, or double per cent. attached to this stock on account of packing up, or unpacking in "early times" they, all "come and go" like the four seasons, for wheat, and cash, and other trade—that's the hammer! WHEAT on OLD DEBTS will please the Subscriber as much as prompt pay for present purchases.

A good pro quo yields seed for more; And friend for friend is all the want!

W. P. LYON.

Nauvoo, Variety Store

August, 20th 1844-tf

**FRESH GOODS.**

JUST received per steam boat Osprey, a large and general assortment of Queen's ware, Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, which will be sold cheaper than the cheapest, at

Sept. 4-19tf. KIMBALL'S.

**GENTS AND LADIES SHOES.**

A good assortment just received and for sale very low, at

KIMBALL'S.

## OSPREY!

REGULAR WEEKLY PACKET, TO NAUVOO AND BLOOMINGTON, IOWA.

THE new light draught swift passenger steamer OSPREY, Anderson Master, will leave St. Louis every Friday at 4 o'clock p. m. for Nauvoo, and arriving at Bloomington every Sunday evening. On her downward trip she will leave Bloomington at 7 o'clock a. m. Monday morning and pass New Boston, Oquaka, Burlington and Fort Madison Sunday; Tuesday will leave Nauvoo at 8 1-2 o'clock a. m. precisely, and arrive in St. Louis Wednesday forenoon.

The accommodations and safety of the Osprey are unsurpassed by any boat in the Upper Mississippi trade, and from her being of very light draught will be enabled to cross the rapids during the lowest stage of water. In attention to the interest of shippers and passengers no exertion will be spared by Captain Anderson and crew to render it pleasant to all who patronize her. She is supplied with Evan's Patent Safety Guard, to prevent explosion of her boilers, as also a Fire Engine and Hose attached in case of accident by fire. It is respectfully announced to shippers and passengers that in no case the Osprey can be detained beyond the hours advertised.

For information apply to

A. MORRISON, Agent, Nauvoo.

Feb. 27, 1844. no44-tf.

**ALMON RABBIT,**

Attorney and Counselor at Law.

WILL practice in the several Courts in the fifth judicial district, and throughout the State. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention

Macedonia Hancock co. Ill. } July 4th 1843-tf.

**THE SUBSCRIBER**

HAS a suitable building for the manufacturing of wollen clothes, which he will rent to any individual wishing to engage in that business, on reasonable terms; or if preferred, will give employment to a person who is thoroughly acquainted with the manufacture of woolens, if application is made soon at his residence in Augusta, Iowa Territory.

LEVI MOFFITT.

march 20, 1844. no47-tf.

**NOTICE**—THE subscribers from the east, would respectfully inform the citizens of Nauvoo, that they have taken a Shop on Main street, a few doors above the Nauvoo Mansion, where they are prepared to do all kinds of work in the millinery line.

A. & E. GRAY.

N. B.—A. & E. G. have furnished themselves with a patent press machine by which they are enabled to press their straw bonnets in a manner that will give perfect satisfaction.

June 10th 1844.

**NOTICE.**

PERSONS wishing to get the Times and Seasons, or other books bound, can be accommodated at the Printing Office, on reasonable terms.

There can be obtained at this office, the first, second, third and fourth volumes of the Times and Seasons, also most of the odd numbers, if subscribers should need any, to make their volumes complete.

**REAL ESTATE AGENCY.**

THE subscriber believing that such an agency would be an acquisition to the citizens and vicinity of Nauvoo, in assisting those who wish to dispose of, or exchange property, and to those new comers and others, who wish to purchase or exchange property, has been induced to open an office for that purpose, on Main Street, between the Nauvoo Mansion, and Parley Street, where he will attend to selling, renting, exchanging, or purchasing property on reasonable terms.

EPHRAIM S. GREEN.

N. B. Deeds, Wills, Bonds, Mortgages, and other instruments of writing, drawn up in a legal manner.

march 27, 1844. no48-tf.

**NOTICE.**—THE subscriber takes this opportunity of informing the public generally, that he still carries on the business of

**BOOK BINDING,**

In all its various branches; and having employed skillful and experienced workmen, he is prepared to do work as reasonable, expeditious, and to have it as neatly executed, as at any other establishment in this State.

The following is a list of his

PRICES.

Quartos half Bound plain 1,50

do do do neat 2,00

do whole bound plain 2,00

do do do neat 2,50

Octavo full bound plain 1,00

do do do neat 1,50

do hf bound plain 0,75

do do do neat 1,00

do do do extra 1,37

Twelves full bound plain 62

do do do neat 87

do hf bound plain 50

do do do neat 75

All other kinds of work not above enumerated, done on the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

JOHN TAYLOR.

Nauvoo, Jan 1, 1844.

**NOTICE.**

A LARGE edition of the "Voice of Warning" is now out and for sale at this office.

The Book of Doctrine and Covenants will be published in about one month from this time. Those wishing for an early supply had better make immediate application.

June 11, 1844.

## FRUIT TREES.

THE subscribers respectfully inform the citizens of Nauvoo and vicinity, that they will have on hand and for sale this fall, a large assortment of fruit trees, and other fruit trees, from the

Consisting in part of about 3,000

unlisted peach trees, as follows:

Troth's early red, Free White blossom,

Large early York, do Late yellow,

Revere's favorites, do Late Delaware,

Yellow rare ripe, do Bishop's large late,

Red rare ripe, do Malden's large late,

Early rare ripe, do Yellow smock late,

Morris red, do Lemon,

Red cheek Malacca, do Oldmixon,

ton, do Rodman's,

Hill's Madeira, do Wright's,

Morris white, do Ridgways late yellow,

Heath, do do,

Fisher peach, do Late slench,